

# LANCASTER GAZETTE.

"PUT NONE BUT AMERICANS ON GUARD."—GEORGE WASHINGTON.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 6, NO. 34.

LANCASTER, OHIO, THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 23, 1898.

ESTABLISHED IN 1826

## The Lancaster Gazette.

CLARKE & SON,  
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

OFFICE—Martin's Row, one door south  
of the Post Office.

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### CITY OF LANCASTER.

Thursday Morning, Dec. 23, 1898.

### GRANT TIDWELL FROM PIKE'S PEAK.

The Cleveland Plaindealer has the following humorous account of the doings at the Pike's Peak gold regions. It says:

"We have later advice from these gold regions than anybody else. Gold continues to be dug up there in astonishingly large quantities. Everything turns to gold at Pike's Peak. A company from Chicago, who have assumed the unique title of Blowers, dug up four tons of solid gold the other day. The Toledo company, organized under the title of the 'Honest Lagers,' have also been highly successful, having dug up some six tons within a short time.

"They will shortly return to Toledo and trodden the Commercial Branch Bank a once sweet institution, and dear to the memory of a large circle of friends. All the miners fry their pork in gold spider, eat with gold spoons, and drink their whiskey out of gold cups. The bottoms of their pea jackets are also solid gold. A young man from this State, whose name we omit out of regard for his parent, is at Pike's Peak. He felt his left leg gradually stiffening, and one morning he awoke and found it had turned to solid gold. He sawed it off and will have it melted up to twenty dollar pieces. He said it was quite a leg-ay, but the camp very properly frowned upon the heartless remark.

"That night the head of one of his comrades turned into gold, and the camp allowed he was a head. Nice time at Pike's Peak, my hearties. Look out for the Western papers.

### A QUAKER CASE IN SUMMIT COUNTY.

The Union (Ohio) Tribune describes a case which came before the Summit County Court in that place on Thursday last. The heirs of John Handley were desirous of having the following clause in his will declared void:

"It is my will and I hereby devise and bequeath that the balance of the proceeds of my said real estate, after the five hundred dollars aforesaid shall be paid by my executor be put and kept at interest, and the interest thereon annually, for paying the expenses and charges in conducting the same, shall be applied, first to the hearing of at least five hundred masses in the Roman Catholic Church and service, said for the repose of my soul; and secondly, the balance of said interest to the hearing of masses said in the said Church, for the repose of the souls in Purgatory."

"The defense objected that the souls in Purgatory were beneficiaries under the will, and therefore necessary parties.

The court considered.

The clerk said no precept had been filed for process against the proposed parties, but that he was ready to issue one as soon as counsel should file a precept.

The sheriff interposed, saying he would not make service of the process till his fees including mileage should be paid.

Parties now computing mileage.

It was thereupon suggested that the parties were without the jurisdiction of the court.

Promptly overruled.

Motion of venue made. Motion overruled on the ground that there were no lawyers in purgatory to attend to the case. This case will have further hearing week after next.

### A MISERABLE OLD FARMER, WHO HAD

lost one of his best hands in the midst of hay making, remarked to the sexton, as he was filling up the grave: "It's a sad thing to lose a good mowder, at a time like this—but after all, poor Tom was a great oater."

### AN OLD REVOLUTIONARY SAYS THAT

of all the solemn hours he ever saw, the one occupied in going home one dark night from the widow Brown's after being told by her daughter Sally that "needn't come again," was the most solemn.

### Both the tragedian, had his nose

broken. A lady once said to him: "I like your acting, but I cannot get over your nose." "No wonder," replied he, "the bridge is gone."

### Comforts of Winter.

BY A. T. H.

Cold out of doors—snowing like all creation,  
Wind whistling here and there, as front of occupation,  
Cool-house nearly empty—wood-pile needs a auger,  
Pocket-book as empty, as the head of any lawyer.

Kitten half-asleep, curled up in the grate,  
Dog stealing all the food from the warty table—  
Cow in the yard through the window looking,  
Beans in the pot are a long time cooking.

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### ONLY A CLEVER.

"How are you going to dress for Mrs. Braxton's party, Fanny?" said Adda Melville to her friend, Fanny Culbertson, after the compliments of the morning were passed, "you are invited of course."

"Yes! I am invited, but I suppose it will be white, you know that is always my dress."

"O dear, do dress gaily for once, a gay dress would become you so well."

"No! I will be white; a plain white suit, richly but plainly trimmed. I think that will suit me. And how are you going to dress?"

"Indeed I have not positively decided yet, but it will be gay; do you no Fanny, I am going to make a sensation on that evening? My dress shall eclipse every thing there, not excepting your simple white."

"Well really what is your object in making such a display?"

"You know, Fanny, that Charles Wilmet and Henry Woodruff will be there, either of whom, Charles in particular, would be worth captivation."

"And so it is for him that you are going to make a sensation, and trust your future happiness to the impression made by a few lion's flirtation at a party."

"Such an impression often lasts as long as any, but it is time I was seeing about my dress. I am going to Brown's this morning he has just received several new patterns, and I want to see them before I select mine, come and go with me and let me persuade you to purchase a gay dress."

"You shall persuade me to do no such a thing, but I will go with you, perhaps I will purchase my white satin, and by the by, Adda, I intend to call on Mrs. Morton this morning, will you go with me there?"

"I had heard of Mrs. Morton's return but you do not intend renewing her acquaintance?"

"Certainly do. Why should I not?"

"You know her father's recent failure, and how different the circumstances from what they once were. Her father is only a clerk now, they will not move in the circle we do and she will not expect us to call on her, besides, if she does, I consider her beneath me and do not intend renewing her acquaintance."

"You may do as you please, Adda, but for my part I shall certainly call on her, she returned yesterday, and I must see her this morning, she is an old friend of mine, and if she has no objection to our continued friendship I certainly have not. I cannot lose so good a friend just because her father does not count so many dollars as he once did. But I will go with you to Brown's and then you can go with me or not, just as you please."

"I cannot accompany you in visiting a bankrupt's daughter, and make myself equal with one whose father is only a clerk."

"They started for Brown's, and so the conversation ended, and while they were gone let us look at their history. Fanny's parents both died while she was young, and she was adopted by a wealthy old uncle, over whose house she presided, and being the only relative he possessed, it was supposed she would inherit all his wealth, which with that left by her father would make a handsome fortune. Adda was the only child of very wealthy parents, her father though once only a clerk—but that had long since been forgotten—was now the senior partner of a very large mercantile firm; and as wealth was their standard of worth, they looked with contempt upon all who were less fortunate than themselves. Charles Wilmet and Henry Woodruff were both independently wealthy and therefore very popular among the ladies. Charles had long been the envy of the beaux, and the recipient of the ladies' brightest smiles; but with all their efforts to win him, he still remained a bachelor. Mr. Morton had been one of the wealthiest men in the city. He was engaged in a very extensive business, and venturing upon some very large speculations, which even his extensive means would not warrant, failed and his splendid home and furniture were all seized upon by his creditors, leaving him nothing but a small scantily furnished house, for his own accommodation. Cara's only child, had been absent a few months, visiting, a distant friend. She returned now not to the splendid mansion she left, but to one over which poverty reigned supreme. She found it desolate in the extreme, her father sad and dejected, her mother who had always been a devoted wife, sinking under the weight of their misfortune; but Cara was more persevering. She did not idly give up to despair, but with a saddened, though cheerful spirit arranged plans for her future employment, that by earning something she might aid her father in obtaining their support. She disposed of her costly jewelry, and thereby procured the means of supplying their immediate wants. When her friend Fanny Culbertson, called to see her this new it was true friendship that prompted the visit, and therefore received her as a friend, and confided to her all her plans. She first proposed obtaining a number of music scholars, and then she said she had an uncle, an editor of a paper, who would amply remunerate her for any sketches she would write for his paper. "But," said she, I can scarcely bring mamma to my plans."

"Only think," said Mrs. Morton, of Cara struggling around from house to house teaching music and to be shunned by her former associates, and the remark that will be made, I dread to think of it."

"Here is Fanny, she has not deserted us; those who sought our company for friendship's sake, will seek it still, and those who did not will not be much less. As to making remarks if they do not reach my ears, I shall not trouble myself about them; but I am going to try to earn something; you shall see mamma, that you have not spent so much time and money on my education for nothing."

Fanny encouraged her, and promised to assist her in procuring scholars, and to furnish her items to write upon.

The evening for Mrs. Braxton's party came. As the guests arrived, the splendid equipments of the porter, dressed a la Tarque, gave them some idea of the magnificent preparations for the entertainment. Charles Wilmet and Henry Woodruff were the first to arrive.

"What an elegant lady!" said Charles as Adda Melville entered and passed across the room. "I wish Fanny were here. I think the evening would decide me."

Charles had been for some time rather undecided between Adda and Fanny. When in company with Adda, her elegant carriage, gay manners, and sparkling wit dazzled him for the time; when with Fanny, her blushing modesty, retiring manners, and deep thoughtfulness completely won him. He had scarce made the remark when Fanny entered, leaning on her uncle's arm. She was dressed in white satin, with a wreath of white roses in her hair, and looked a perfect model of simplicity. Henry looked inquiringly at Charles, who exclaimed:

"The loveliest creature I ever saw."

"Beautiful indeed," said Henry, "how I envy her old uncle his fair chance, I am going to relieve him, and to say the least, I am going to bow, and bid."

"Allow me, sir, to relieve you of the care of this lady," and offering his arm, led her away.

During the evening, as Fanny, Adda, Charles and Henry, were enjoying a late-a-bath by themselves, Charles remarked:

"We miss Cara Morton this evening, she used to be the life of our circle."

"She will not likely be of our circle any longer," said Adda; "she will have to lay aside some of her dignity and haughty airs now; her father is only a clerk. She will perhaps, not be so proud."

"I am sorry," said Fanny, "that a difference in her fortune should exclude her from our society. It shall not be so far as I am concerned. Cara is the sweet tempered, accomplished lady she always was, I should like to see her a few days ago, received the same kind welcome I always did, and spent an hour or two very pleasantly with her and her mother."

"I dare say we would receive a hearty welcome, but employers and employed do not often mingle in the same society."

A group of ladies and gentlemen joining them ended the conversation. Mrs. Braxton's splendid rooms were filled with the gay and fashionable of the city, and the evening passed off pleasantly. It was late when the rooms were deserted. All seemed to have enjoyed themselves, but we must always judge of people's feelings from their actions, for a smiling face often hides a breaking heart, and as oft a jealous and anxious one. Adda being very much excited, and a little envious